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FRIENDSHIP'S TRUST.

It's foolish talk of unwise men to say
That friendship's sacred whisper is a breeze
Of sweet dissimulation from the seas
Where falsehood and conceit have freeest play.
An empty talk. A selfish man will pay
His honeyed tribute to a friend, then cease
To trust him; whereupon affections freeze,
Because some disappointments crossed his way.

But oh! whene'er you find a beautiful soul,
Whose life-chord, as in one harmonious whole,
Agrees with yours, attract it with all might;
And cling to it—a prize for a matchless goal.
When friendship wraps itself in doubtful light
Be generous: faith of love must guide thee right.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

XIEMENES.

CONCLUDED.

WE have so far seen Xiemenes only in his private life; let us now consider him as the first dignitary of the Church and state. To fully appreciate his work as a public man, we must make brief mention of the state of affairs of Spain and Europe at that time.

Ferdinand and Isabella had driven the Moors out of Spain, but it yet remained to permanently unite the conquered provinces to the original territories; the discovery by Columbus added vast regions and immense riches to the crowns; the much maligned Spanish inquisition kept the rebellious Moors at bay and Xiemenes himself was the third grand inquisitor-general; Savanarola disturbed the peace of Italy and the Church; the League of Cambray involved Spain in the bloody conflicts against the haughty Italian republics; Henry VIII. and Wolsey sought to establish the preponderance of England in Church and state and finally, towards the close of Xiemenes's life, Luther began his so-called "Reformation" in Germany. Through all these difficulties Xiemenes directed the affairs of the state with the utmost skill and it was mainly due to his untiring energy that Spain rose from its former obscurity to be a world's power.—Never in the world's history did a nation reach the zenith of its power and glory in a shorter time and never was power and glory

obtained by fairer means than those employed by Xiemenes! But let us take up his achievements in chronological order.

Shortly after his elevation to the See of Toledo and the Prime Ministry of Castile, Xiemenes was invited to participate in the conversion of Granada. With his knowledge of the oriental tongues and ancient literature he turned his attention chiefly to the learned and won many of them to the true faith. Some say the conversions were so numerous that baptism had to be administered by aspersion. On this occasion Xiemenes, in his zeal for Christianity, committed the only fault which even the bitterest enemies can bring against him. The Moors, alarmed at the success of Xiemenes, endeavored to prevent further conversions by spreading writings injurious to Christianity. Thereupon the archbishop commanded the ringleaders to be imprisoned and violated the treaty by burning some religious writings of the Moors in the public square and annoying the prisoners with the constant harangues of his chaplains. The people rose in revolt and only with great difficulty could the insurrection be quelled. However, the conversion of Granada was complete and Talavera said that Xiemenes has achieved greater victories than Ferdinand and Isabella for the latter had only conquered the soil, but he vanquished the souls of Granada.

With the death of Isabella in 1504 the good angel that restrained the passions of Ferdinand passed away and the position of Xiemenes became still more difficult. In accordance with the testa-

ment of Isabella, Ferdinand resigned the title of king of Castile in favor of his daughter Joan and her husband Philip, assuming instead that of regent. Philip was keenly jealous of the pretensions of Ferdinand and it required all the firmness and consummate wisdom of Xiemenes to bring about friendly relations between the contending parties.

In 1506 Philip died suddenly. Ferdinand was absent in Naples, Joan's tottering intellect was entirely overthrown and the heir of the crown of Castile, the son of Joan and Philip, Charles, was yet a child. Civil strife seemed inevitable. But again the firm hand of Xiemenes averted the impending storm.

The nobility of Castile finally entrusted the affairs of the state to the archbishop of Toledo, who again established the influence of Ferdinand over Castile. Xiemenes was not so much actuated by esteem for Ferdinand than by pure love for his country: he was convinced that the nobility cared little for the welfare of the country, if only their greed for possession was satiated. As it plainly appears from this act, Xiemenes belonged to the most modern political school of his day which, contrary to the feudal system, favored the strengthening of the central power and sought to destroy the independency of the quarrelsome nobility.

In acknowledgement of so many services Ferdinand obtained the cardinal's hat for his faithful Minister and at the same time appointed him grand inquisitor-general. A few words on the Spanish inquisition would be here in place, but

the many gratuitous charges against this institution have been so often answered, that a rehearsal of them would be painful. Xiemenes, like the best historians of to-day, was convinced of the benefits, we might almost say necessity of the inquisition, but he strenuously strove to make it again a purely ecclesiastical tribunal, for only as such was it tolerated by the Popes. His attempts to remove all laymen from its courts were frustrated by the will of Ferdinand, who wished that the inquisition should remain a state institution.

So far we have seen the great influence of Xiemenes as bishop and statesman; we are now to behold him at the head of an army and to learn to admire him also for his valor on the battle-field. The northern part of Africa had long been the home of lawless bands who preyed on the commerce of Europe and led thousands of Christians into captivity to sell them as slaves. At the instigation of Xiemenes, Nazarquivir was captured in 1505, but Ferdinand did not possess the means to pursue his conquest. Xiemenes finally fitted out a new expedition at his own expense and led it personally against the important city of Oran. In 1507 the venerable bishop, Xiemenes was then 72 years old, landed in Africa with 4000 horsemen and 10 000 infantry. Dressed in his episcopal robes and a sword buckled about him he passed along the lines of his gallant army, admonishing and exhorting them in eloquent words to fight bravely against the enemies of Christianity and to avenge the wrongs which for many years they had inflicted upon their country, their homes, and

their families. Shouts of joy and cries for battle arose on every side and confident of victory Ximenes now led them against the enemy who was stationed in countless numbers upon a neighboring hill. The ascending Spaniards were attacked with heroic bravery, but the assault was beaten off with the same undaunted valor and when the Spanish pieces opened fire upon the flanks of the enemy he fled in wild disorder towards Oran. The victorious army followed and took the city at the first onset by storm. Thus in one day one of the strongest towns in Africa was taken; in the engagement 4000 Moors were slain and 8000 taken prisoners. On the following morning Ximenes entered the city under the joyous acclamations of his victorious army. The booty was immense, but nothing gave him greater joy than that he could set free 300 Christian slaves and dedicate the mosques of the conquered city to the God of Hosts. Gladly would he have extended his conquest over northern Africa, but the discontent of his general Navarro and affairs in Spain necessitated his return.

In the year 1516 Ferdinand of Arragon died, leaving all his dominions to his grandson Charles, afterwards Charles V.; shortly before his death he appointed Ximenes regent, until Charles should arrive from the Netherlands. The position of the Cardinal was now more than ever fraught with difficulties and intricacies. Charles was entirely dependent upon his counsellors; the Spanish nobility, jealous of his great influence, sought to estrange the young princes, Charles and Ferdi-

nand, and sow discord between them and the regent, and the ministers of the Netherlands intrigued to drain the resources of the kingdom. Xiemenes met these difficulties with his characteristic firmness; he made Madrid the capitol of the kingdoms and in spite of the protestations of the nobility caused Charles to be proclaimed king of Arragon and Castile. The nobility now rose in open revolt, but Xiemenes armed the citizens and at their head quickly suppressed the insurrection. He revised the revenues of the state, removed all impostors and unworthy persons from public charges, increased the navy and strengthened the coast-defences. In 1516 he repelled a French invasion of Navarre: he established new missions for the Spanish America and forbade slave trade in the Spanish possessions. It is almost incredible what this great man accomplished during the short space of less than two years.

We have yet to mention Xiemenes' services to learning and literature. Grand and improving as his achievements as prince of the Church, as minister and regent of Spain are, his generous support of the sciences and arts is none the less worthy of our sincerest admiration. In 1500 he founded the University of Alcala entirely from his own means. The fame of this place of learning soon became so great that not fewer than 7000 students assembled once within its walls. To counteract the influences of romances, generally in the hands of the young, he published religious treatises written by himself and others. He revived the Mozarabic liturgy and endowed a chapel

in Toledo in which it was to be used. But his most famous work is the edition of the Polyglott Bible,—a work in itself sufficient to render his name immortal. Prescott says: "It is a monument as the piety, scholarship and liberality which entitles the founder to the gratitude of the entire Christian world."

This great man, all things taken into consideration, the greatest that Spain has ever produced, died at Roa on the 8th of Nov. 1519.

During the last days of his life he tasted the bitter cup of ingratitude. The prince whose interests he had so faithfully guarded, and whose rights he had defended even at the peril of his life, now repaid him only with indifference and coldness. The courtiers of Charles, fearing the influence of Xiemenes, persuaded their young master to dismiss his aged minister. This last humiliation, however, was spared the veteran statesman; he died before that document of black ingratitude reached him as he had lived—a holy and peaceful death.

T. A. SAURER, '00.

"SPEAK GENTLY."

A gentle word the hearts of men can gain
That cruel words would often break in twain:
The flower's perfume wafts the gentle breeze,
The storm but breaks its stem—the perfumes cease.

P. A. K., '00.

GLIMPSES AT ANTIQUITY.

General history in its diversified and innumerable portraitures of characters reveals to the student a most profound and wonderful phenomenon, that unmistakably directs, to a great extent, his intellectual faculties. There are found men who have been great and illustrious in war and heroic achievements, while others pursued the more peaceful occupation of agriculture, others again excelled in learning and in the fine arts, and have established the fixed principles, according to which later artistic productions have been modelled. But while these merit our esteem and attention, other men deserve our everlasting contempt. Let these be left in a completely dark oblivion, justly allotted to them. A few of the noblest only will be dwelled upon in this sketch. Not that I intend to scrutinize their foibles, nor to expatiate in lengthy details about their religious belief, for this would lead too far and may safely be entrusted to those dogmatic critics who delight to maintain that everything in man must necessarily be either virtue or vice. But as "character is . . . the expression of no particular quality or faculty, but of a whole nature, it reveals, of course, a man's imperfection in revealing his greatness." My object is simply to point out some of the leading centre stars, that have become illustrious by directing things for the welfare of their respective nation and of the world at large.

Great men of antiquity, as a rule, placed their highest endeavor in the enlargement of human knowledge and in the moral perfection of the people. It is true, that pagans, as they were, far from the pure knowledge of God, they loved virtue through a natural motive and disposition only. How should they have been induced to the practice of virtue by their false gods that were themselves slaves of the different vices. The very fact, that in spite of every obstacle, some attained a high moral perfection, makes them the more enviable and praiseworthy. Take for example Aristides. He appears like a brilliant star in the firmament. He instills upon the people a high relish for truth, sincerity and patriotism. Although the descendant of no very noble lineage, he proved to all that love of truth and virtue alone, and not love of money and vain glory, lead to honor and distinction. Even when unjustly exiled through the base intrigues of Themistocles he tried to benefit his country. For his noble example he is deserving the greatest praise ever lavished upon a pagan.

Another, no less extraordinary fellow-citizen of Aristides, appears in the person of the moral philosopher Socrates. Who will refrain to render his tribute of praise to the man, who during his entire life remained a lover of poverty, notwithstanding, that he was a man of acknowledged virtue and wisdom, who might justly have accumulated immense riches through his wealthy pupils. With patriotic enthusiasm he aspires to a sublimer aim than that of the long forgotten sophists.

Whatever he taught, he verified also by noble deeds. Nor is there hardly any man of ancient times that prepossesses the heart of the young before Socrates has, at least implicitly, attracted and claimed their attention.

As a protector of the fine arts, credit must be given to the person under whose administration they flourished most, almost reaching the culmination of perfection. Ages and generations, as they pass along, love to look back with an admiring eye and a feeling of gratitude to the genius and patron of that time, to Pericles. Other ages may justly claim to have been very extraordinary epochs in the world's history, but it must be remembered that Pericles with his valiant band of artists has led the way, while nearly all the rest followed and imitated their example. Whatever is produced by the latter, adds indirectly to the glory of the former. Pericles himself combined many excellent qualities of a prudent and successful warrior, as well as a master-critic of art. No doubt, the imprint of genius upon that age, by men like Phidias, Sophocles, Lysias, etc., would be discernible without Pericles, but directed and patronized by his powerful mind, that period received a new additional lustre.

A striking similiarity of power, art, and character exists between ancient Greece and Rome, with the distinction, however, that the former attained its zenith a few centuries before the latter. But with keen perception and accurate discrimination of what is good and beautiful, Rome gradually assimilated and incorporated from the Greeks

whatever she considered best, until she finally claimed everything of art and literature as her own. But even before, when Athens was still the mistress of the civilized world, Rome was not destitute of illustrious characters. Behold Cincinnatus, who thinks it far more profitable and excellent to spend his life in industry, peace, and morality in a country house, than to gratify an unrestrained ambition by wielding the dictatorial sceptre with despotic power.

In passing from pagan men, eminent in thought and action, to the innumerable Christian heroes, it becomes clear at once, that they have an immediate and effectual influence upon our eternal destiny. Their works and actions are of far greater importance and consequence than all the furniture and understanding of the deepest and richest treasures of the more speculative knowledge of pagan philosophers. As far back as to the very foundation and infancy of the Church, when St. Paul preached in Athens at the altar of the Unknown God, down through the successive centuries to our era, history is replete with great heroic characters. They have nursed and cultivated an ideal aim and received a reward that far more than compensates them for their labors.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.

AVE MARIA!

A weary traveler, heav'nly Queen,
 Arrives before thy mighty throne.
 Accept his wreath of faded green,
 Attend his song of bashful tone:
 Ave Maria!

Within my breast the fount of song
 Breaks out with vehemence and fear;
 Thy love, my Mother, makes me strong
 To sing in strains so warm and clear:
 Ave Maria!

Like to the passionate nightingale
 My heart would sing in fiery strains;
 Or like the lark, ascend to hail
 My Mother 'midst her glorious trains:
 Ave Maria!

Like perfume of the silent flower
 My prayer ascend above the clouds
 And call on thee, thou mighty tower,
 When battle-dust my soul enshrouds:
 Ave Maria!

A brilliant star in the midst of night
 Directs me o'er the raging sea.
 Thou, dearest Mary, art my light,
 Thou art my love, I call on thee:
 Ave Maria!

O'er thorns and stones—a weary way!
 My feet are sore, give thou me aid
 And draw me nigh that blissful day
 On which to greet thee, heav'nly Maid:
 Ave Maria!

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

In following up the *ignis fatuus* of the nineteenth century we meet men who have bequeathed to posterity lasting memorials and have forever taken their place in the temple of fame. The first and most conspicuous that engages our attention on the transatlantic continent, the one to whom the words of the celebrated poet were applied,

“Des egaux? des Longtemps Mohamet n'en a plus,” is Napoleon Bonaparte. The characteristics, practical and common-place qualities of this great genius, changing at every moment like a kaleidoscope, merit our attention.

Napoleon, the fourth child of Charles Bonaparte and of Laetitia *ne'e* Ramolino, was born Aug. 15., 1769 at Ajaccio, Corsica. The first moments of his life he breathed a military air. His very cradle was surrounded by the clamours of war, groans of the wounded and tears of the oppressed. Little or no attention being given to his education in his very prime of youth, he was wont to stroll about the mountains with the herdsmen, listening to their tales of Corsican rebellion, of land and sea fights, imbibing their contempt for submission, their hatred for the enemies of his country.

Already at the age of nine years, he was enamored of a soldier's life to such a degree that he showed his superiority over his comrades at all occasions. In 1778 he was sent to France, to re-

ceive a military training. During the seven years he spent at school he suffered every deprivation poverty affords. Almost penniless he dined on six cent dishes, took very often but one meal a day to save his money to buy a few second handed books. If we stop to ask; who was Napoleon at that time, Junot would answer, "he was an awkward youth of weak and sickly appearance, with curls badly powdered and badly combed, falling over the collar of his iron-gray coat, wearing a shabby hat, ill-made and ill-cleaned boots." But beneath that iron-gray coat was beating a heart, proud and ambitious, aspiring to anything. He had unshaking confidence in himself. He surmounted every obstacle with a courage found only in such men of whom nature is avaritious and whom she permits upon this earth only from age to age. "Do these people imagine I need their help to rise? They will be too glad some day to accept mine. My sword is at my side and I will go far with it."

These were bold words for a youth of his age, but a prediction which was fulfilled to the letter. It was not until 1795, after he had defended the convention from the revolt of sections, that his star appeared in the horizon on its ascending course. It became plain to the least clairvoyant eyes that Napoleon was a man born for power, that he alone understood how to compel obedience. Having been appointed commander in chief of the army of Italy, he conducted that campaign with an ability and a success worthy of his genius. It was there, that by his fertility in stratagems, his

rapidity of action, his audacity of attack, bewildered and demoralized his enemies and raised the enthusiasm of his troops to the highest pitch. There was born that faith in his future, that belief that "he marched under the protection of the goddess of fortune and of war." The expedition of Egypt was conducted and terminated on a similar scale. From there he returned like a second Caesar to seize the power of the empire, for the country was threatened from all sides, the directory discredited and tottering. Now he fully realized that "his sword was at his side and he could go far with it."

He was received by the French with great acclamations of joy. From every side the cry was heard: "You alone can save the country. Take the reins of the government." It took but a brain and a sword to do it and Napoleon was the man for the hour. He humbled the enemies of the country and returned from the battle-field with new trophies of victory. France hailed him as her saviour and the people found in him something more than a warrior. He had begun to bring order into that interior chaos, the financial question, the primary cause of the revolution; he had begun to restore public works, to harmonize the interests of aristocrats and plebeians, of Church and State. More astonishing than all was that gigantic task, the codification of laws. That young Caesar, a foreigner from a half civilized island, without a prestige of name or wealth, without a diplomatic or legal training, was a Lycurgus at the same time. His penetrating genius

would detect every flaw, would follow up the most erudite and philosophical arguments, would cancel all conventional phrases and ambiguous terms, so that the husbandman might understand them as well as the lawyer, and that his code of laws might not turn out to be an epic poem. These were great achievements and Napoleon considered them as such. "They cannot take from me hereafter," he told O'Meara, "the great public works I have executed, the roads which I have made over the Alps, and the seas which I have united. They cannot take from me the code of laws which I have formed, and which will go down to posterity."

True, indeed, Napoleon had raised France from the devastation of the revolution to a flourishing country. But how did he do it? How could he meet with such success surrounded by an inconsistent and factious people? His remarkable zeal, energy, his extent and vigor of mind will elucidate the problem. He most scrupulously weighed the great principles of society and in that direction all his unflagging energy was concentrated. He tried to please the majority and thus he always gained his point. "My policy is," said he, "to govern as the greatest number wish to be governed. I carried on the war of Vendee by becoming a Catholic; I established myself in Egypt by becoming a Musselman; I won over the priests of Italy by becoming an Ultramontane. If I governed the Jews I should reestablish the temple of Solomon." Matters pertaining to the government were always promptly attended to and if

possible by himself. No task would be too menial, no affair too trivial for him. He watched over his empire with a jealous eye. Though he be far away from his capitol, in the camp of war, yet, nothing at home connected with the government escaped his vigilance or was beyond the reach of his genius. This made such a deep impression upon the people of France, nay, of all Europe, that they with a superstitious feeling began to think that the emperor was not only omnipotent but also omnipresent.

We ourselves cannot fail to bow to the genius which conceived and fought the classic battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram, deeds which are great epics moving in noble, measured lines, stirring us by their might and perfection. But it was after these heroic achievements when his great selfconfidence degenerated into presumption. When he began to unfurl his banner of indifference, when his imperial command directed his invincible phalanxes toward that immovable rock, the Holy Catholic Church, then his star had reached its culminating point, then that "goddess of fortune" wrote in her book of fate "Mane, Thekel, Phares."

Napoleon is no more the same man. Without any justifying cause he annexed four Papal states, despoiled the Pope and made him prisoner. Next followed the divorce of Josephine, which seemed necessary to him for state reasons. Any student versed in history knows that not the Holy Father but the clergy of Paris granted it. The continental system which gave rise to that disastrous

campaign, the like of which has never been chronicled in the world's history, were unjust demands which he forced upon his ruling kings and the neighboring nations. He who had called himself, "I am who I am," the words Jehova had spoken to Moses in the thornbush, was after all no demigod. That people who with an unrestrained enthusiasm had deified him began to turn against him. They not only stripped him of every vestige of power but cast him out of their midst as a rebel. But like a tiger, that has received a mortal wound, leaps upon its antagonist with its nature-like fury, so Napoleon still hoped to crush his enemies. He returns from exile and once more appears upon the field of battle, the last act of his military drama. There he stood on the heights of Waterloo, sad, preoccupied, without that buoyant courage that amazing audacity which had induced him to leave Elba. He, whose great rule in war was "Time is everything," lost time at Waterloo. His defeat was complete. He fell to rise no more.

At St. Helena, an island, or rather a mass of jagged, gloomy rocks, six hundred miles away from the nearest land, we find on its most sombre and remotest part a humble cottage, called Longwood. We enter, and behold! What a spectacle presents itself to us. In a damp and gloomy room we see a man sitting in a rustic armchair, his hands buried in his face, fuming and ruminating over the majors and minors of his life. It is our hero; it is Napoleon. We are moved to compassion; we withdraw in silence. Our mind is deeply impressed with that moral lesson that pride will be humbled and that not man, but God shapes the destinies of nations.

DAN. G. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

GOD'S GARDEN.

Our heart's a garden fair and in this acre
God, of seeds the richest, rarest plants;
The holy waters on our heads he grants
Should bear that gift, the faith in God, to man.

That seed does grow, a verdant stem and leaves
Come forth to shade that little heart of clay;
The passions' fiercest glow they must allay
For these must cease—or die the hope of grace.

A flower on that stem soon buds and blows,
That fills with sweetest perfume heart and soul,
Of love to men and love of God, our goal;
And deepest dyes bespeak divinest charity.

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

HOWEVER appalling a mere perusal of the French Revolution be, we may rest assured that its pages but faintly picture those shocking scenes of godlessness and bloodshed into which France's plutocratic sons really plunged all south-western Europe a century ago. What vast number of peaceful homes this poisonous herb made desolate, what multitude of men it turned wretched, is known only to Him Who searches our hearts. Few were the towns and villages, the inhabitants of which bravely withstood the venomous Zeitgeist; fewer still, those who succeeded to quench its lurking flames and thus shatter its brazen arm.

Among the latter De Pierre, a thriving country-place in eastern Lorraine, well deserves a place of honor. Its inhabitants, all very devout Catholics, from the very outburst of the revolution guarded against its pernicious spirit with unrelenting zeal, and went even so far, as to cut off all unnecessary intercourse with the out-side world, lest their loyalty to the Church and their king suffer danger. Despite these and other precautions, most strenuous efforts were demanded of the citizens of De Pierre at times when the rebels turned their yawning jaws towards the innocent youths. Hence it was that during such crises the foremost citizens assembled in the village tavern to consult how dangers could be best averted.

It was a clear December night, when De Pierre's noble citizens had gathered in the tavern to discuss matters which rumor made rife. Among the subjects under discussion the question, how to guard their youths against the impending perils, received very close attention, because of late the number of apostatizing young men had greatly increased. "Citizens," said Jean, the village blacksmith, in conclusion to his words of advice well received by all, "time nor pains must be spared by us to give our youths a good Catholic education, because upon them rest our weal and woe. What a sad, and yet what a wholesome warning have we not in the fate of our late school-master, Labonte! Grief over his apostate son, Alfred, brought him to an untimely grave. In this young man, whom I knew quite well and whose integrity I never doubted, we see most vividly what bane-

ful influence corrupt society exerts even upon the best of y....." "Hush, I heard Nero bark," interrupted Louis, the tavern keeper's son, "somebody must be at the gate." This saying he rose and left the room to learn who it was. Opening the gate he was not little surprised to see a tall, slender man standing before him, asking for a night's lodging. Though every feature of the man's haggard face made Louis to suspect him an advocator of the revolution, frequently sent abroad in those days to seduce common people, he bade him enter and conducted him to a private room. Here he remained with him until supper was announced, seeking, anxious as he was to learn particulars of the gentleman's character, an opportunity to place some straight questions. The stranger, shrewd enough to notice Louis' contrivances, did all to foil them. Though this exasperated Louis not little, he essayed to hide his disappointment, and on their way to the refectory, kindly asked of the stranger to join the citizens after supper. This being promised he returned to the hall of assembly.

On his entry all questioned him who the stranger was and the purpose of his arrival. Louis answered he did not know, because no opportunity had been given him to ask: were he, however, to judge from the man's outward appearance, he continued, there were all reasons to harbor suspicion. This caused great anxiety and murmuring among them. "No wonder," burst forth an old man, "that these rogues and scoundrels travel at night-time, for during the day one cannot help

pointing the finger at them in contempt." "What is to be done," others added, "if he is sent to sow the seed of rebellion into our happy homes?" The growing disturbances had already reached a high pitch when Jean arose and spoke as follows: "Fear not, citizens, no harm will befall us. No one can deprive us of peace and happiness, if we but remain faithful to our resolutions. God still lives! As He has aided us to foil the designs of satan and his followers in the past, He will certainly not abandon us in the future."

Scarcely had these words of encouragement died away, when the stranger, greeting all very cordially, entered. His gloomy and bewildered look at once confirmed the suspicion of the citizens, awakened by Louis, and even increased it, since some seemed to recognize in him features of Alfred Labonte. Louis offering the gentleman a chair, the latter seated himself and bade the citizens to take up their conversation. This they did, and with Jean as leader, made a most pungent attack upon the revolution, denouncing its advocates as accomplices of satan. Well aware whom he had before him, at first the stranger feigned approval of the citizens' cutting remarks and smirkingly applauded them. In course of time, however, he changed coat, giving them to understand that the rebels, though clearing their way with unlawful means, are not so much deserving of the hatred of the people as its assistance.

He thus continued to serve drops of poison in spoonfuls of honey, when finally he began as follows: "Citizens, unless you aid the rebels in the

overthrow of our despotic government, at whose hands the common people of France suffered so many wrongs during the last three decades, you make yourselves and your posterity wretched. No material aid is required from you; renounce the king and his handmaid, religion, and you have done enough. Would you truly realize what baneful intrusion upon the liberty of man popery is, how it tyrannizes your intellect, your will, and your selfreliance, you would gladly discard Romish humbuggeries; you would defy the king, the promoter of religious fantacies; you would joyously rally around the flag of the rebels, and thus together with them, restore full liberty. Were it not for the sham religious belief—of a life to come, where a just God will judge—with which the black-coats stuff the minds of the people, the latter would not so tenaciously cling to a cruel government. What man ever saw this just God? who is there among you that ever set foot on the shore of the world to come? Nonsense, there is no God, and hence no rel—" "Cease, villain," roared Jean, "enough of your mockery and blasphemy." But the stranger now rising cried out with demon-like fury: "No! fools, that worship a mere puppet and—" His voice stifled, he grew pale, and under a loud shriek fell back into his chair.

Exclaiming, "Death to this mocker," all rushed upon him. Jean, aware of the accident, raised his hand, saying: "Hold back, citizens, he fainted. May God be merciful to him!" Everything was done to regain his consciousness, but all seemed in vain, when suddenly the man raised

his head and breathing very heavily asked for a priest. Word was immediately sent to Father Chretien, the parish priest. In the mean time the stranger was taken to an adjoining room and placed upon a lounge, where after a few minutes he regained full consciousness.

Who can describe the joy of the poor victim when the door opened and Father Chretien entered. But scarcely had the latter approached when, stepping back, he exclaimed, "What do I see? Can it be he?" The stranger overwhelmed with joy answered: "Yes, it is he, it is Alfred Labonte. But make haste Father! Hear my confession." The pious priest moved by this spectacle drew near the unfortunate youth and reconciled him with his God who for four years was his object of derision. Fortified with the last rites of the Church, Alfred soon after calmly expired.

The citizens now being told by Father Chretien, that the unhappy stranger was no other than Alfred Labonte, were moved to pity and sympathy. They crowded around the corpse and together with the good priest offered up a fervent prayer for the repose of Alfred's soul.

CYRIL C. MOHR, '01.

OUR MOST POPULAR POET.

THERE is no poet in American literature who possesses the power of arousing our feelings and touching the hearts of men in so high a degree as we experience in perusing the songs and tales of this sweet, graceful, and endearing poet—Longfellow. His songs gushing from his heart come to us

“As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelid start.”

The consoling and charm-like influence upon the reader's heart is best described by using his own words,

“Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like benediction
That follows after prayer.”

His poetry is a clear mirror of a lofty mind and a sublime character. His thoughts are the outcome of a sincere heart that has felt the joys and sorrows of life, a heart that has been crossed with adversity, but was strong in it and knew nothing better than some burden.

One of the chief characteristics of his poems rests in the delight that his style of expressing ideas calls ever forth; and in that peculiar charm and beauty which gives always rise to some noble thought in the mind of the reader, and which “never fails to call forth the echo of the Eternal.”

Is there no noble, and poetic thought in such poems, as “The Psalm of Life,” “The Village

Blacksmith," "Excelsior," "The Reaper," "Resignation," etc.?

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Verses like this take an indisputable hold upon our affections. As the morning steals upon the night, melting darkness, so the charm of his melodious songs dissolves the jarring elements in the hearts of men; it dispels the clouds of sorrow and melancholy, that often mantle our clearer reason.

Longfellow employed poetry as a means by which he could give utterance to the feelings with which he was penetrated by the knowledge of man's life, and the noble mission towards his final destiny.

The motive by which Longfellow was urged on in dressing in the garb of poetry his thoughts and feeling upon worthy objects only, was faith. His thoughts proclaim the "light of faith" which constitutes a missing link in our modern literature. It is for this reason that his songs are so soul-stirring. The thrilling sounds reverberate with clear and well aimed accent in our hearts; our mind's ideal becomes nobler. A perusal of his poems leaves the reader in content and satisfaction, such as attends the performance of one's duty. The underlying principle of this is certainly the truthfulness of his thoughts, most beautifully uttered, with a "brightening glimmer of joy and hope to look forward to in life or after it." It

has well been said that with him poetry was a plant which had its roots in truth and sprung and blossomed into beauty.

Allowing, that nature did not so directly answer him in response to every suggestion as she did to Bryant, the "poet of nature," that he does not exhibit the thoroughness of Whittier, not the poetic genius of Poe, nevertheless Longfellow is the most famous and widely read of all American poets. He possesses a secret to which no other poet can lay claim, and that secret is his artistic simplicity, his special knack of making the human heart answer to every suggestion.

Longfellow was not less endowed with a wonderful genius of telling tales in verse. In this he holds a place in front of all other poets.

Of all his stories "Evangeline" may be mentioned as the best. It is justly looked upon as the most exquisite work of the kind in English literature. The choice of the subject, which is based on a sad chapter of American history, was, indeed, a happy one. It is a tale of the most Catholic tenor. The charm in poetry is always manifest when nature is viewed in a moral connection. The pictures and sceneries of the new world are brought out with attractive simplicity. We do not commend Longfellow for the novelty and minuteness of his remarks upon nature, but think him worthy of praise and honor for his representation of known phenomena, and of familiar objects in a new connection and garment. He invests the commonest scenes of a country life with the hues of a cheerful and grave imagination. The betroth-

ed "Evangeline" in search for her lover is the most attracting character. A good critic has well remarked that "Evangeline" of all the characters Longfellow has aimed to draw, stands forth in the memory of his readers with some distinctness of outline.

As in "Evangeline," so in his other best tales we are affected by the sweet breath of Catholic sentiments, and by the artfulness in which he brings prominently forward the course of Divine Providence.

What has been said may likewise be applied to the beautiful forest song "Hiawatha." It is the nearest approach to an American epic, and may be thought the poet's most genuine addition to our youthful literature. The piece is full of the northern breeze and the freshness of the native mountain air. The characters are too ideal, too ethereal; they spring from a mythology too vague and child-like for a poem to gain long recognition.

The natural style, the happy selection of names suggestive in meaning, add a charm to the poem, that cannot be obtained by learnedness or art. The principal characters are so delicately drawn, enriched with so winning qualities that we feel ourselves drawn towards them, and almost envy them in their simple creed and wonderments.

Though Longfellow be subject to literary criticism; though he be limited, and did not always confine his poetical art to legitimate boundaries; though he falls short in profoundness of thought: yet he does honor to American literature and it owes much to him.

We must concur with the remarks of others,—that whatever shortcomings and limitations be ascribed to Longfellow's genius, it is certain that no contemporary poet has been so universally and cordially welcomed by the English speaking race. The name that dwells on every tongue will not pass into oblivion. ERNEST HEFELE, '01.

SILENCE.

O patient silence! wonders' fount,
The greatest word a language knows,
Thou aidest us, with ease to mount
The roughest hills and steepest rocks.
Thou, sorrow's Lethe. True wisdom grows
Within thy depths. What mind could count
Thy children born 'midst joys and woes?
Give me thy key that truth unlocks.

A. H. G.

SOME THOUGHTS ON READING.

“READING MAKETH A FULL MAN.”

Wise words, indeed! But the experimental sage would have greatly enhanced their philosophical import and expressed more nearly the exact truth by prefixing the simple adjective, good. Read! Yes, all should read. But what? Serious and self-important as this question may be, it is, nevertheless, very easy of solution. The country is fairly overloaded with pamphlets, books, papers, and magazines; many are good, but innumerable more are bad, poisonous, and destructive.

If we wish to derive advantage from our reading it is most necessary, above all, to be very careful in selecting. Discard from your shelves all light, soul-destroying, moral-impairing books, papers, and all cheap literature, for it makes cheap and worthless men. Devour not that heathenish conglomeration of words and phrases which our would-be refined nineteenth century yellow journalism is pleased to set before your eyes; for the “devil is inspiring the press, and hiding the poison that he spreads under the rhetoric of morality and right.” Much less be a swallower of thrashy, passion exciting novels; for “most of the novel-reading, which people fancy is an intellectual pastime, is the emptiest dissipation, hardly more related to thought or the wholesome exer-

cise of the mental faculties than opium-eating; in either case the brain is drugged, and left weaker and crazier by the debauch." Indeed, every intelligent reader, after a calm and unbiased reflection, cannot fail to perceive that novel-reading is always a greater source of pain than of pleasure; the immediate cause of untold more harm than of good. It destroys the amiable qualities of the soul; darkens the intellect; perverts the mind, filling it to the very brim with the lowest dregs of nonsensical and diabolical fallacies that cannot but annihilate the very germs of virtue concealed in the heart of every man. Moral destruction, social ruin, glaring ignorance, boasted infidelity, rebellious anarchy is the inevitable result. Such, alas, are the ways of men! Those the doleful effects of a hellish literature! Thus they will continue until the Almighty lifts the earth out of her path and cuts short that racing of mortal fools to perdition.

All is not thus. There is some consolation to cheer weary hearts and encourage reflecting minds. On many shelves there are good books, and they, too, have their sympathizing patrons.—men whose ideals sail loftier than carnal and voluptuous pleasures. Within there is an undying, immortal soul; her wishes they seek to satisfy.

As a bad book does more harm than seven demons can perpetrate in seven long years, so a good book is ever at the careful reader's side performing the lovely office of a kindly ministering guardian angel. It directs your tottering steps into the right path; gives renewed courage to

your sinking heart; solves the doubts of your wavering spirit; cools the embarrassed glow of an excited imagination; consoles in affliction; dulls the bitter sting of unjust persecutions: leads your soul to all that is noble, true, good, and beautiful—all that is worthy of imitation by mortal man.

* Most desirable are the fruits good reading produces. It guides man over rocky and precipitous mountain passes to the happy abode of true righteousness. A good book diligently perused influences greatly the character of any reader, leaving a lasting impression of noble and heroic deeds on his mind. Beneficent is the effect it has on his morals; it teaches him the higher ideals of life, which, if he possess but a small degree of consistancy and any human self-respect, he will earnestly strive to attain.

A good book is a potent educator; without much and careful reading there can be no intellectual training. Nowhere has this been more sensibly experienced than in our institutions of learning, both in those of low and of high grade. A student listening only to the professor's lectures would make but paltry strides in acquiring useful or scientific knowledge, if he devote not much time to good reading and sound thinking; for, what practice is to the rising musician, reading effects in the other educational branches. Reading must go hand in hand with class-room work if a scholar hopes to complete sucessfully his chosen course.

This want of good reading matter has been keenly felt even outside of the hallowed precincts

of educational schools. All public libraries, directed in the right manner, containing the right books, are, indeed, a boon to the nation and to humanity and civilization at large. Great is the noble work already accomplished by them; still greater the results of present labors; and in the distant future shine most brightly the golden prospects of perfect development. The good as well as the evil effects speak for themselves. What better proof is needed?

A good book is not only a great moral, social, and educational factor, but also a joyous companion and dear friend. With it the lover of substantial reading spends hours in the enjoyment of the purest mental pleasures, sipping as does the busy bee the sweetest honey from those fragrant leaves. He who loves good reading never experiences weary or lonesome hours. A good book is to him a delightful pastime and a most pleasant recreation; in its company he forgets the bitter toils and restless turmoil of life's battle.

"What fools these mortals be," is indeed applicable to those eaters of every-day, wishy-washy, light, and worthless literature. Belong not to that swelling number! Soar loftier; aim at a higher goal. Read much but with the closest attention. In selecting your reading matter follow well the advice given by an eminent modern educator: "Let your reading be such as shall imbue you with exalted ideas of manhood and womanhood. Eschew those authors who would destroy the roseate hues of the morning of life and leave the soul to be consumed in the contemplation of a parched and arid waste of human nature from which all good has been extricated and upon which the dews of heaven no longer fall to freshen the flowers of virtue; for according to these men, there is neither virtue, nor a heaven, nor a God."

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

Examination with its rigor and horror, as some idle fools imagine, has set a final seal upon the first session of the scholastic year. A pleasant retreat has fortified the soul and strengthened the mind that the student may more gladly continue on his course, that he may forget dis-

tracting remembrance and continual calls for pleasure but work again with real earnest.

We take this opportunity to thank our Rev. Retreat-master, Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, for the great pains he took in making this retreat a salutary one. Especially do we thank him for the many wholesome and practical lessons he taught us. I frankly confess that his beautiful meditations, open outpourings of a solicitous heart, stirred many a soul from the sleep of indifference and set many a careless person on guard against the numerous traps of smiling sinful occasions. Old age looks at life with a thoughtful mien; it discerns it in all its reality and forms a better judgment than the impetuosity of ambitious youth. The generous heart of Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering has undoubtedly gained the love of all the students. This sincere love will be dew and sunshine to the seed he implanted into our hearts. We hope and work that a beautiful spiritual growth may gladden the heart of our good old friend whenever he visits us again.

"Ruskin is dead," rang over the territory of English speaking people. Ruskin has met and will ever meet with opposite criticisms. Whilst some award him a most favorable position in grading our men of letters, others draw a dark veil over all his merits. After an unbiased perusal of his works we must concede that the author justly merits the grateful recognition of all literary men. For as long as Ruskin remained within those limits to which his qualifications confined

him, we cannot but praise his endeavors and are almost inclined to confer upon him the great title of "Prince of English Letters;" but the moment Ruskin overleaps his bounds, trying to enter fields beyond his rightful and possible reach, to scatter poison and create havoc, the man falls in our estimation so deeply that we turn our back upon him as a deceitful enemy.

The dominant tendency of Ruskin is reform: social and political improvement and artistic culture. He was a very effective reformer, a merciless and sometimes cruel critic, who is continually tearing down before the popular mind without building up again by suggesting remedies. "Taste is the only true guide." A nice and true saying, indeed; but taste must conform itself to some standard likewise. Lessing, the dauntless German critic, is more severe and particular than Ruskin. The German, however, not only strikes a wound to expose the sore spot but he removes its impurity and administers medicine for cure and perfect health. In this art Ruskin was very weak and unskilled.

Ruskin is justly recommended as a master-stylist. His style as a mere growth of art is unrivaled; it bears the marks of unconscious perfection. In Newman's style we perceive yet too clearly the single strokes, forcibly made to fit; Ruskin's is the master-work, a blameless child of art.

The writer commands a large vocabulary, principally Saxon, whence he draws his fluent and pleasing expressions without being misled by

its copiousness.

The grave and philosophical nature of Newman, his greatness of mind and strength of thought are perceptible in his massive and compact sentences. Newman has a wider range and a more splendid variety. From power and vehemence of expression, clutching his argument in a forcible style, he glides down to a colloquial form of conversation, easy and lively. "No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman," confesses his very antagonist. Before Newman's conversion England clamored, "credo in Newmanum." Did the Cardinal evince less power than the Doctor? Newman wrote his best works when cardinal, but the world declines to praise Catholics.

As artist and critic Ruskin outstrips Newman; even as stylist, judging from art and florid beauty, we acknowledge Ruskin's preeminence. But the man of pure thought, whose delight it was to grapple with difficulties, who vindicated the title "Prince of English Letters" morally and intellectually, must rise above his rival, Ruskin. Newman is till now a model of "Classic Perfection," whilst Ruskin merits the appellation of "Esthetic Critic."

Many fail to understand Ruskin because they do not allow themselves the time to study him. But his fame will not die; it will brighten up in later years more gloriously than ever. His works will become a guide and model for many a genius that may perhaps outshine the master.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

EXCHANGES.

The *St. John's University Record* is a staunch and elegantly written publication. The writers of the *Record* treat their themes with unusual cleverness and seldom fail to present them in all their different phases. We congratulate the *Record* especially upon its accomplished editorial writer.—

The modesty of the *Agnesian Monthly* has almost become proverbial among the "ex-men" of our college journals. Well, modesty is certainly an amiable trait and would that we all possessed it in the same degree as the *Agnesian*, but that stereotyped phrase does only scanty justice to the excellent paper in question. We have always perused the *Agnesian* very carefully and we are fully convinced that its editors may lay claim not only to modesty, but also to exquisite taste and scholarly attainments. Any one doubting the correctness of our opinion will perfectly agree with us after reading the January number of the *Agnesian*. The variety as well as the masterly conception and execution of the different essays, can not but impress even the most severe critic favorably. We would especially recommend "Jerusalem Delivered" and "Air Castles." The essay on Father Tabb's poems is lovingly written, however, the reviewer quotes rather extensively and unhappily refrains from giving her personal opinion of the merits of the poems.—

The *Mt. Angel Banner* from the distant Oregon contains several very creditable stories. Of these "Larry Tighe and the Fairies," though a little clumpy in composition, is by far the best in plot and development of incidents. "Autumn in Oregon," is worth the reading more for the information it affords, than for its literary merit.—

The *Santa Maria*, published by the pupils of the St. Mary's Parochial School, Freeport, Illinois, is an eloquent testimony of the efficiency of that school. The youthful writers are deserving of the highest praise and the undertaking should receive the generous support of all concerned.—

The *Holy Ghost Bulletin* devotes too much of its space to local matter, while its literary productions are limited to only a few pages. The *Bulletin* in general lacks that dignified tone and purity of expression which should mark a paper published for the purpose of developing the journalistic faculties of its writers. —

The sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the essay on 'Evangeline' in the January number of the *Sacred Heart Collegian* are two well written literary compositions. "Mr. Bagle's Visit to Town" is a good little piece of fiction, but it is too coarsely told for a journal of the *Collegian's* standing. The editorial and exchange columns of the *Collegian* are in the hands of competent writers.—

We are always delighted with the unusual quantity, but still more so with the unusual quality of the poems that grace the pages of the *St. Mary's Chimes*. Considering its own excellencies, the *Chimes* can indeed afford to deplore the ab-

sence of "good verse" in its exchanges.—

The December and January number of the Viatorian eclipse all its previous efforts. The numerous stories in the Holiday issue are delightful reading and the poems are deserving of more than the rather prosaic title of college-verse. The "Imaginative Power of Dante" is a just and comprehensive estimate of the master poet's genius; we are anxiously awaiting the continuation of this excellent essay. The initial poem of the January number is an exquisite metrical composition; one would hardly suspect such a display of beauty and thought beneath its humble heading. In the same number we find a masterly criticism on the "Vicar of Wakefield." The writer, as it should be done in a review, not merely states the merits of the work, but beautifully illustrates them by numerous apt quotations.—

TH. A. SAURER, '00.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S.—The following splendid program was recently rendered by the Columbians: Band; inaugural address, W. Hordeman; essay, V. Schuette; violin and piano duet, E. Flaig, A. Schuette; debate, resolved that Bryant is a greater poet than Poe, aff., E. Hefele; neg., C. Mohr; jolly trio, violin, W. Arnold; clarionet, P. Welsh; Piano, G. Studer; recitation, C. Van Flandern; dialogue, S. Hartman, L. Linz; Orchestra.

This program, a genuine literary treat, was

second to none rendered this year. Mr. Horde-
man chose as subject of his address those oft-re-
peated words of Longfellow, "Life is Real." The
gentleman principally spoke of their signification
in reference to a student's college career. His
words were, indeed, to the point. Mr. Schuette,
in his essay relating to the poetical works of F. W.
Weber, showed that he is a diligent student of
that poet. The article was excellent and delivered
in a very pleasing manner. The debate was well
conducted and highly interesting, Mr. Mohr gain-
ing the victory.

The success of the program was greatly aug-
mented by the musical selections. The Jolly Trio
made its initial performance. That its selections
were very much enjoyed is evident from the hearty
applause given them.

The society decided to render a private pro-
gram every fortnight. Thus the members will
derive greater benefits by appearing more fre-
quently on a program.

In the early part of March a literary program
will be rendered in the city of Rensselaer, the
proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the
public library of that city.

The private program of January 14, was the
following: Debate, resolved that Charlemagne was
a greater monarch than Louis XIV., aff., B. Stai-
ert and M. Schmitter; neg., X. Jaeger; recitation,
E. Wills; comic oration, B. Holler; recitation, L.
Huber; dialogue, J. Steinbrunner, R. Stoltz.

Owing to an unavoidable circumstance Mr.
Jaeger was obliged to uphold the negative alone.

The gentlemen appearing on this program were some of the youngest members of the society. Their efforts were very laudable.

A. L. S.—The newly elected officers of the Aloysians are the following: Pres. A. McGill; Vice-pres., A. Kamm; Sec., R. Goebel; Treas., L. Dabbelt; Marshal, J. Buchman; Executive Com., W. F. Flaherty, F. Wemhoff, M. Zimmer; Librarian, H. Metzdorf; Editor, G. Arnold. This society promises us a public program in the near future. We anticipate it with much pleasure.

THE COONTOWN TWENTY.—This name causes a feeling of good cheer to pass over us, for we are again to witness a grand minstrel show. The Coontown Twenty will no doubt set the 'crack' Darktown of '98 in the shade. Those in charge are the following: Moderator, Father Clement; Mgr., J. Wessel; Asst. Mgr., P. Wahl, Sec. and Treas., G. Arnold. Yellow and Black are the colors worn.

J. MUTCH, '02.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Aloysians hereby wish to express their sincerest thanks to Rev. A. Gietl for a donation of minerals, and to Rev. M. Hamburger for books presented to the society.

LOCALS.

Hurrah! the examinations are over. No one killed; a few slightly bruised; some relegated to play in the second *nine* another year!

Prof. "What do you understand by the capacity of man?" Ludger: "His circumference."

A certain celebrated physiognomist maintains that he can trace a deterioration of character in the countenance of Mr. McKinley when compared to that of George Washington. Here another specialist in physiognomy steps up and contradicts his statement. He claims: "Mr. McKinley's face is the index of prosperity, and this is easily discernible. Look at the portraits of the two men; Washington's face is shrunk, lean, and withered like a parched sweetpotato, whereas Mr. McKinley's is round and full-blown like a watermelon." —H. Seiferle.

"Sip, what number of feet you got?" Schwierman.

"I wonder how many pounds of steam it would require to raise—hell." D. N.

Well now it's clear as black ink why our Orchestra renditions are no longer appreciated as they used to be! Every one notices that something is not complete. Indeed, there is a yawning gap, and it will take a *long* person to stretch it. The Orchestra has namely sustained an irreparable loss by the departure of our *loftiest* violin player Otto Bremerkamp, cognomine Sam—and in vain

are we searching for one that will fill the chaos he has created.

Werling says, "his chief end is his feet."

Why are men compared with chickens? A. Schuette, "They all want to get on the highest roost."

"Don't encourage Xavier to beat his record!" Why? B. Holler: "Because he beats the bass drum."

Some fellows are like a toy baloon; prick them a little with a pin and there is nothing left of them.

Prof. "What is a genius?" A. McGill: "A genius is a man who, when he accidentally says a good thing, can make his hearers believe it was intentional."

There is a wonderful relation between all the sciences. Says Ambrose, "We have chemistry even in philosophy, for there should be a gallon of thought to every spoonful of words." Indeed, conditions might be different, if the opposite wouldn't generally take place.

A good advice. "Cob, go and change clothes as quick as possible!" Cob, "Why?" C. Mohr: "Why, don't you know they say clothes make a man?"

Monstrous! H. Muhler maintains that Darwin's theory of evolution is correct. He says: "If Darwin founded it on the *monkey-shines* men are continually cutting, he didn't miss far."

When Steinbrunner read the amendments to the constitution of the smoking club, he—backed out, saying he felt no vocation to smoke!

From Rev. P. Justin Henkel the C. L. S. gratefully acknowledges the following donations to our museum: A portrait of the apparatus and electrocution-chair of the penitentiary of Columbus, O. The supporter of a telegraph wire taken from a tree, June 1899, on which it had been nailed during the civil war by Wilson who served in the civil war, by the order of Stonewall Jackson, the noted Confederate general. The C. L. S. reading room has also been handsomely furnished with the portraits of all the presidents of the U. S., the donator of which is Rev. P. Benedict. The librarian, Ernest Hefeles, deserves praise for his nice work in arranging and framing the portraits. The C. L. S. express its sincere gratitude to the Rev. Fathers for their good will and kind attention.

Some men are exceedingly ubiquitous; they are all over—themselves.

Iipse dixit: "Students that leave College on account of meals shall one day experience that they have gone in quest of worse rations!"

The world generally praises men after their death. "But," says P. Welsh, "it is rather discouraging to a man to be forced to wait until he is dead to discover what a good fellow he was."

How does a postage stamp and a successful man compare? W. Arnold: "Each one sticks to the thing until it gets there."

A narrow escape! The boys went out hunting the other day and *almost* got a rabbit! Benno chased him up and shot *after* him; Scrutch saw him come and shot *at* him; Cantus met him and

just *shaved* him; lastly Titus got a chance and—*missed* him. “Well,” said Benno, after the maneuver was over, “we scared that fellow all right.”

After the results of the semi-annual examinations were published, the following three, at a certain point of their conversation, expressed themselves thus: A. Junk, “Gee whiss! I got seventy five, more than I ever expected!” C. Ellis: “Great Scotts! I just got fifty.” Boos: “Why in the deuce, don’t be kikin, I only got a quarter.”

John is an expert in geography. His latest discovery is that one of the United States is not found on the map, and that is the—Married State.

On account of the injurious influence the weather excercised upon some of the exceedingly sensitive instruments belonging to our chemical department and upon the chemicals themselves, the entire laboratory has been moved from the studio to the minim building where in future the classes in experimenting will be kept. Our esteemed professor, Rev. P. U. M. takes extreme interest in this science and has succeeded in rousing great enthusiasm in his scholars. There is at present a momentous problem before our chemical department which, if satisfactorily solved, will be of inestimable value to the stage-managing world. It consists in the chemical production of lightning. Ordinary gunpowder has thus far been used for creating the lightning flash on our stage. But already two of our managers suffered serious injury by losing control of the dangerous element and producing such flashes that even Jove on high could not adequately correspond with his thunderbolts.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

B. Alt, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, A. Bremerkamp, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, T. Ehinger, M. Ehleringer, C. Fisher, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, S. Hartmann, E. Hefeale, A. Hepp, C. Hils, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, L. Huber, X. Jaeger, A. Kamm, W. Keilman, M. Koester, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, E. Ley, L. Linz, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, C. Mohr, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, Z. Scheidler, A. Schuette, M. Schumacher, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, R. Stolz, G. Studer, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, F. Wachendorfer, L. Wagner, P. Wahl, P. Welsh, F. Wemhoff, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills, M. Zimmer.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, H. Boos, J. Buchman, F. Didier, C. Eder, C. Ellis, G. Emsing, W. Flaherty, E. Flaig, J. Hildebrand, B. Holler, A. Junk, A. Koenig, T. Kramer, E. Lonsway, S. Meyer, R. Monin, J. Naughton, C. Olberding, A. Schaefer, M. Schmitter, R. Schwieterman, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. Trentman, C. VanFlandern.